

# The Saturday Gazette.

## BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.  
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

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### BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following firms are advertised in our columns. From personal acquaintance with these business houses we feel perfectly justified in warmly recommending them to the readers of the GAZETTE. For particulars, read their advertisements in detail.

**CLOTHING—READY MADE & TO ORDER.**  
Watson & Co., 813 Broad-st. Newark.  
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Robert Duff, 441 Broad-st. Newark.  
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N. A. Merritt, cor. Broad & Orange-sts.

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W. A. Maundrell, 493 " "  
C. H. Wyman, Montclair.

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Higgins & Freeman, 499 " "  
J. McLaughlin, 679 " "  
W. V. Seayles & Co., 797 Broad-st.  
Wahle & Waterford, 701 " "  
T. McManus, Market-st.

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B. L. Doremus & Bro., " "  
C. H. Wyman, " "  
S. M. Lederer, 307 Greenwich-st., N. York.  
S. Sulzberger, 343 Greenwich-st.

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E. Wilde, " "  
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W. L. Doremus, " "  
Bragas & Bates, 468 Broad-st., Newark.  
J. H. Boschen & Bro., 98 Barclay-st., N. Y.  
Hecker, 908 Cherry-st., " "  
Bogile & Lyles, Park Place, " "

**BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, &c.**  
G. W. Moneypenny, Bloomfield.  
W. Neiderhauser, Montclair.  
Jacob Fussell, Newark.

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Dr. W. E. Pinkham, 476 Broad-st., Newark.  
Dr. Geo. Linn, Montclair.  
Dr. P. J. Koonz, 1 Great Jones-st., N. Y.

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**PHOTOGRAPHY.**  
Blake, Cor. Broad and Orange-st., Newark.  
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**DRUGS.**  
Dr. W. H. White, Bloomfield.  
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Hind & Murphy, 81 Barclay-st. New York.

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N. A. Merritt, 60 Orange-st., " "

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W. W. PINHAM, D. D. S.,  
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College),  
476 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.  
Refers by permission to Messrs. Wm. B. Guild, Jr., Geo. F. H. Harris, Dr. A. Ward, W. T. Mercer, G. R. Kent, of Newark; Dr. Love and Pinkham of Montclair, and Dr. Williams of East Orange. may31-ly.

**ALEXANDER MCKIRGAN.**  
Successor to Read & McKirgan.

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Laughing Gas administered. dec30-ly

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Parties contemplating building homes will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned, who has made a specialty of DWELLINGS, and can show plans for neat cottages from \$1000 and upwards.

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All orders promptly attended to. feb27-ly

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**CONFECTIONERY.**  
**FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.**  
**OYSTERS.**

**FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!!**  
The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. No postponement on account of the weather.

**The same Delicious Creams and Ices, will be made and delivered to Families, Boarding Houses, Balls, Societies, &c.**  
AT THE SAME LOW PRICES AS IN THE SUMMER.  
Boarding house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT two or three times a week—they can stock up nothing that is cheaper or more refreshing.

**ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF CREAM.**  
Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We have all kinds of  
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Both large and small, of Birds, Animals, Men, Fruit, &c. Estimates will be given for serving.

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With all Refreshments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Ices, we are now serving up  
**OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,**  
Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.  
Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

The same liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in as you.

**FUSSELL.**  
No. 305 BROAD STREET.  
oct25-ly.

### Banks, Insurance, &c.

**North Ward National Bank**  
OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.  
THIS institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 445 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

**DIRECTORS.**  
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George Roe.  
H. M. Rhodes, Pres't. GEORGE ROE, Cashier.  
Mar. 1-ly.

**PEOPLES**  
**Savings Institution,**  
445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.  
NEWARK, OCT. 18, 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of 7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM, was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.  
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

**CITIZENS**  
**Insurance Company,**  
443 BROAD STREET,  
NEWARK, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.  
ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.  
JAS. J. DARLING, President.  
A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary.  
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.  
jv26-ly

**MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.**  
NEWARK, N. J.  
Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1873, \$23,241 79 81  
Received for premium during the year 1873, \$5,944 158 51  
Received for interest during the year 1873, 1,594 116 18  
Received for annuities during the year 1873, 770 99

Total receipts for 1873, \$29,956 055 68  
Paid claims by death \$1,911,444 72  
Paid endowments, 40,301 11  
Paid surrendered policies, 286,024 98  
Paid advertising and printing, 64,004 96  
Paid contingent expenses, 85,845 91  
Paid postage and exchange, 11,051 49  
Paid taxes and interest, 54,644 00  
Paid commissions to agents, 406,043 88  
Paid physicians' fees, 30,382 22  
Paid for annuities, 1,463 70  
Paid return premiums, 1,600 430 00

Total disbursements for 1873, \$2,527,787 58  
Cash on hand, \$508,717 84  
Real estate, 140,062 28  
United States securities, 1,551,500 00  
State city and county bonds, 6,135,300 00  
Bonds and mortgages, 10,234,302 70  
Loans on policy in force, 6,852,970 90  
Loans on scrip, 1,450 41  
Due for premiums in course of collection, 118,978 25  
Interest due and secured, 534,681 88  
Premiums due and not yet received, on policy principally of November and December of this year \$130,000 less advance received January 15, 1873, 48,061 96 978,208 80

Total assets January 1, 1873, \$26,511,151 41  
Ratio of Expenses to Income, (excluding taxes) 8.57 per cent.  
The dividend of Return Premiums declared by the directors in 1873 will be paid to the insured, as their premiums fall due in 1874, in conformity with the rules of the Company.

LEWIS C. GROVER, President.  
H. N. CORNELL, Vice President.  
EDWARD A. STONE, Secretary.  
BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Treasurer.  
Feb. 26-1

**ASHURY LIFE INSURANCE CO.,**  
Office, 505 BROADWAY,  
Corner Eleventh St., NEW YORK.  
C. C. NORTH, President.  
A. V. STOUT, Vice Presidents.  
M. D. SAVIN, Vice Presidents.  
W. R. FLUHARTY, Secretary.

Reliable Agents Wanted.—To those who will give their whole time to the business, liberal terms will be granted. may31-ly

### The Blue and the Gray.

A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

"Don't bring him in here; every corner is full—and I'm glad of it," added the nurse under her breath, eyeing with strong disfavor the gaunt figure lying on the stretcher in the doorway.

"Where shall we put him, then? They won't have him in either of the other wards on this floor. He's ordered up here, and here he must stay if he's put in the hall—poor devil!" said the foremost bearer, looking around the crowded room in despair.

The nurse's eye followed him, and both saw a thin hand beckoning from the end of the long ward.

"It's Murry; I'll see what he wants," and Miss Murry went to him with her quick, noiseless step, and the smile her grave face always wore for him.

"There's the room here, if you turn my bed 'round, you see. Don't let them leave him in the hall," said Murry, lifting his great eyes to hers, brilliant with the fever burning his strength away, and pathetic with the silent protest of life against death.

"It's like you to think of it; but he's a rebel," began Miss Murry.

"So much more reason to take him in. I don't mind having him here; but it will distress me dreadfully to know that any poor soul was turned away from the comfort of this ward especially."

The look he gave her made the words an eloquent compliment, and his pity for a fallen enemy reproached her for her own lack of it. Her face softened as she nodded, and glanced about the recess.

"You will have the light in your eyes, and only the little table between you and a very disagreeable neighbor," she said.

"I can shut my eyes if the light troubles them; I've nothing else to do now," he answered, with a faint laugh. "I was too comfortable before; I'd more than my share of luxuries; so bring him along, and it will be all right."

The order was given, and, after a brief bustle, the two narrow beds stood side by side in the recess under the organ-loft—for the hospital had been a church. Left alone for a moment, the two men eyed each other silently.

Murry saw a tall, sallow man; with fierce black eyes, wild hair and beard, and a thin-lipped, cruel mouth. A ragged gray uniform was visible under the blanket thrown over him; and in strange contrast to the squalor of his dress, and the neglect of his person, was the diamond ring that shone on his unwounded hand. The right arm was bound up, the right leg amputated at the knee; and though the man's face was white and haggard with suffering, not a sound escaped him as he lay with his bold eyes fixed defiantly upon his neighbor.

John Clay, the new comer, saw opposite him a small, wasted figure, and a plain face; yet both face and figure were singularly attractive, for suffering seemed to have refined away all the grosser elements, and left the spiritual very visible through that frail tenement of flesh. Pale-brown hair streaked the hollow temples and white forehead. A deep color burned in the cheeks still tanned by the wind and weather of a long campaign. The mouth was grave and sweet, and in the gray eyes lay an infinite patience touched with melancholy. He wore a dressing-gown, but across his feet lay a faded coat of army blue. As the other watched him, he saw a shadow pass across his tranquil face, and for a moment he laid his wasted hand over the eyes that had been so full of pity. Then he gently pushed a mug of fresh water, and the last of a bunch of grapes, toward the exhausted rebel, saying, in a cordial tone, "You look faint and thirsty; have 'em."

Clay's lips were parched, and his hand went involuntarily toward the cup; but he caught it back, and leaning forward, asked in a shrill whisper, "Where are you hurt?"

"A shot in the side," answered Murry, visibly surprised at the man's manner.

"What battle?"  
"The Wilderness."  
"Is it bad?"

"I'm dying of wound-fever; there's no hope, they say."

"That's a simple, so serenely given, would have touched almost any heart; but Clay smiled grimly, and lay down as if satisfied, with his one hand clutched, and an exulting glitter in his eyes, muttering to himself, "The loss of my leg comes easier after hearing that."

"Murry saw his lips move, but caught no sound, and asked with friendly solicitude, "Do you want any thing, neighbor?"

"Yes—to be let alone," was the curt reply, with a savage frown.

"That's easily done. I shan't trouble you very long, any way;" and, with a sigh, Murry turned his face away, and lay silent till the surgeon came up on his morning round.

"Oh, you're here, are you? It's like Murry Carroll to take you in," said Dr. Fitzhugh as he surveyed the rebel with a slight frown; for, in spite of his benevolence and skill, he was a staunch loyalist, and hated the South as he did sin.

"Don't praise me; he never would have been here but for Murry," answered Miss Murry, as she approached with her dressing-tray in her hand.

"Bless the lad! he'll give up his bed next, and feel offended if he's thanked for it. How are you, my good fellow?" and the doctor turned to press the hot hand with a friendly face.

"Much easier and stronger, thank you, doctor, was the cheerful answer.

"Less fever, pulse better, breath freer—good symptoms. Keep on so for twenty-four hours, and, by my soul, I believe you'll have a chance for your life, Murry," cried the doctor, as his experienced eye took note of a hopeful change.

"In spite of the opinion of three good surgeons to the contrary?" asked Murry, with a wistful smile.

"Hang every body's opinion! We are but mortal men, and the best of us make mistakes in spite of science and experience. There's Parker; we all gave him up, and the rascal is lurking round Washington as well as ever to-day. While there's life, there's hope; so cheer up, my lad, and do your best for the little girl at home."

"Do you really think I may hope?" cried Murry, with the joy of this unexpected reprieve.

"Hope is a capital medicine, and I prescribe it for a day at least. Don't build on this change too much, but if you are as well to-morrow as this morning, I give you my word I think you'll pull through."

Murry laid his hands over his face with a broken "thank God for that!" and the doctor turned away with a sonorous "Hem!" and an air of intense satisfaction.

During this conversation Miss Murry had been watching the rebel, who looked and listened to the others so intently that he forgot her presence. She saw an expression of rage and disappointment gather in his face as the doctor spoke, and when Murry accepted the hope held out to him, Clay set his teeth with an evil look, that would have boded ill for his neighbor had he not been helpless.

"Ungrateful traitor! I'll watch him, for he'll do mischief if he can," she thought, and reluctantly began to unwind his arm for the doctor's inspection.

"Only a flesh-wound—no bones broken—a good syringing, rubber cushion, plenty of water, and it will soon heal. You'll attend to that, Miss Murry; this stump is more in my line;" and Dr. Fitzhugh turned to the leg, leaving the arm to the nurse's skilful care.

"Evidently amputated in a hurry, and neglected since. If you're not careful, young man, you'll change places with your neighbor here."

"Damn him!" muttered Clay in his beard, with an emphasis which caused the doctor to glance at his vengeful face.

"Don't be a brute, if you can help it. But for him, you'd have fared ill, began the doctor.

"But for him, I never should have been here," muttered the man in French, with a furtive glance about the room.

"You owe this to him?" asked the doctor, touching the wound, and speaking in the same tongue.

"Yes; but he paid for it—at least, I thought he had."

"By the Lord! if you are the sneaking rascal that shot him as he lay wounded in the ambulance, I shall be tempted to leave you to your fate!" cried the doctor, with a wrathful flash in his keen eyes.

"Do it, then, for it was I," answered the man defiantly; adding, as if anxious to explain, "We had a tussle, and each got hurt in the thick of the skirmish. He was put in the ambulance afterward, and I was left to live or die, as luck would have it. I was hurt the worst; they should have taken me too; it made me mad to see him chosen, and I fired my last shot as he drove away. I didn't know whether I hit him or not; but when they told me I must lose my leg, I hoped I had, and now I am satisfied."

He spoke rapidly, with clenched hand, and fiery eyes, and the two listeners watched him with a sort of fascination as he hissed out the last words, glancing at the occupant of the next bed. Murry evidently did not understand French; he lay with averted face, closed eyes, and a hopeful smile still on his lips, quite unconscious of the meaning of the fierce words uttered close beside him. Dr. Fitzhugh had laid down his instruments, and knitted his black brows fiercely while he listened. But as the man paused, the doctor looked at Miss Murry, who was quietly going on with her work, though there was an expression about her handsome mouth that made her womanly face look almost grim. Taking up his tools, the doctor followed her example, saying slowly,

"If I didn't believe Murry was mending, I'd turn you over to Roberts, whom the patients dread as they do the devil. I must do my duty, and you may thank Murry for it."

"Does he know you are the man who shot him?" asked Murry, still in French.

"No; I shouldn't stay here long if he did," answered Clay, with a short laugh.

"Don't tell him, then—at least, till you are moved," she said, in a tone of command.

"Where am I going?" demanded the man.

"Anywhere out of my ward," was the brief answer, with a look that made the black eyes waver and fall.

In silence nurse and doctor did their work, and passed on. In silence Murry lay hour after hour, and silently did Clay watch and wait, till utterly exhausted by the suffering he was too proud to confess, he sank into a stupor, oblivious alike of hatred, defeat and pain. Finding him in this pitiable condition, Murry relented, and woman-like forgot her contempt in pity. He was not moved, but tended carefully all that day and night; and when he woke from a heavy sleep, the morning sun shone again on two pale faces in the beds, and flashed on the buttons of two army-coats hanging side by side on the recess wall, on loyalist and rebel, on the blue and the gray.

Dr. Fitzhugh stood beside Murry's cot, saying cheerily, "You are doing well, my lad—better than I hoped. Keep calm and cool, and if all goes right, we'll have little Murry here to pet you in a week."

"Who's Murry?" whispered the rebel to the attendant who was washing his face.

"His sweetheart; he left her for the war, and she's waitin' for him back—poor soul!" answered the man, with a somewhat vicious scrub across the sallow cheek he was wiping.

"So he'll get well, and go home and marry the girl he left behind him, will he?" sneered Clay, fingering a little case that hung about his neck, and was now visible as his rough valet unbuttoned his collar.

"What's that—your sweetheart's picture?" asked Ben, the attendant, eyeing the gold chain anxiously.

"I've got none," was the gruff answer.

"So much the was for you, then, Small chance of gettin' one here; our girls won't look at you, and you ain't likely to see any of your own sort for a long spell, I reckon," added Ben, rasping away at the rebel's long-neglected hair.

Clay lay looking at Murry Carroll as he went to and fro among the men, leaving a smile behind him, and carrying comfort wherever she turned—a right womanly woman, lovely and lovable, strong yet tender, patient yet decided, skilful, kind, and tireless in the discharge of duties that would have daunted most women. It was in vain she wore the plain gray gown and long apron, for neither could hide the grace of her figure. It was in vain she brushed her luxuriant hair back into a net, for the wavy locks would fall on her forehead, and stray curls would creep out or glisten like gold under the meshes meant to conceal them. Busy days and watchful nights had not faded the beautiful bloom on her cheeks, or dimmed the brightness of her hazel eyes. Always ready, fresh, and fair, Murry Carroll was regarded as the good angel of the hospital, and a loyal friend to her. None dared to be a lover, for her little romance was known; and, though still a maid, she was a widow in their eyes, for she had sent her lover to his death, and over the brave man's grave had said, "Well done."

Ben watched Clay as his eye followed the one female figure there, and, observing that he clutched the case still tighter, asked again,

"What is that—a charm?"

"Yes—against pain, captivity, and shame."

"Strikes me it ain't kep' you from any one of 'em," said Ben, with a laugh.

"I haven't tried it yet."

"How does it work?" Ben asked more respectfully, being impressed by something in the rebel's manner.

"You will see when I use it. Now let me alone," and Clay turned impatiently away.

"You've got pison, or some devilry, in that thing. If you don't let me look, I swear I'll have it took away from you;" and Ben put his big hand on the slender chain with a resolute air.

Clay smiled a scornful smile, and offered the trinket, saying coolly,

"I only fooled you. Look as much as you like; you'll find nothing dangerous."

Ben opened the pocket, saw a curl of gray hair, and nothing more.

"Is that your mother's?"

"Yes; my dead mother's."

It was strange to see the instantaneous change that passed over the two men as each uttered that dearest word in all tongues. Rough Ben gently recoiled and returned the case, saying kindly,

"Keep it; I wouldn't rob you out for no money."

Clay thrust it jealously into his breast, and the first trace of emotion he had shown softened his dark face, as he answered, with a grateful tremor in his voice,

"Thank you. I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"May I say good morning, neighbor?" asked a feeble voice, as Murry turned a very wan but cheerful face toward him, when Ben moved on with his basin and towel.

"If you like, returned Clay, looking at him with those quick, suspicious eyes of his.

"Well, I do like; so I say it, and hope you are better," returned the cordial voice.

"Are you?"

"Yes, thank God!"